

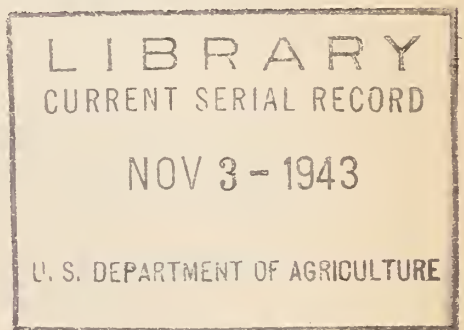
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MARKETING ACTIVITIES

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WE'RE ON A MILK DRINKING SPREE

By Esther Osser Page 3

Remember that little snack you fixed for your guests the other night? How you had plenty of milk to serve but very little butter for the toast? Well, it all adds up to one thing: You can't drink your milk and eat your butter too.

COTTONFIELD: SEPTEMBER 1943

By Elbert O. Umsted Page 7

In the movies, cotton picking looks like fun. That's why we were mildly surprised to learn that getting in the cotton means aching muscles, sore fingers, and a general state of fatigue. Incidentally, Tom Kelsey and his family are interesting people.

POPULAR POP

By Sophia Podolsky Page 17

The soft drink manufacturers, for dignity reasons, like to call their product "soda water." Personally, we think this is a mistake. Soda water is something you drink for indigestion, while pop-good old pop-is a beverage you sip for fun.

PEP PILLS FOR POBEDA

By Joe Boyle Page 21

Nutritional yeast tablets may not be solely responsible for the gains the Russians have made this summer. But you can bet your ration book that all of those vitamins and proteins haven't slowed the Reds up a darned bit.

NEW CROPS FOR THE NEW WORLD

By Charles Morrow Wilson Page 23

When the Japs grabbed off the East Indies, they thought they had us. But those little sons of Nippon were wrong. Some of the crops that were formerly produced in the occupied areas are doing just fine down in Latin America.

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New World" on page 23)

WE'RE ON A MILK DRINKING SPREE

. . . . By Esther Osser

Any farm boy knows that Bossy the Cow has four faucets, but four's too many to illustrate our point, so pretend she's got only two. From one comes the milk that we bottle and drink fresh. From the other comes the milk that goes into manufactured dairy products such as cheese, butter, evaporated milk and milk powder.

When milk is coming out of both spigots in just the right amounts everything is just fine. But if we consumers ask the farmer to pull too hard on one faucet - if he gets a disproportionate amount of Bossy's inventory to bottle, for instance, then the milk pail that goes to the manufacturer is cheated. And that's exactly what's been happening to our milk supply for about a year now.

This Nation seems to have developed a tremendous milk thirst. So far this year, we've been drinking milk and cream at the rate of about 41 billion pounds annually. Last year, we drank only 37.7 billion pounds, and in pre-war years (1936-40) consumption averaged about 32.6 billion pounds a year.

Dangerous Trend

Ordinarily such an upward trend would be cause for rejoicing. Milk is the most nearly perfect food, and nutritionists have been trying for years to get us to drink more. But it's a trend that can't be allowed to go too far in wartime when shortages of labor, feed, and machinery are limiting total output. Already we're seeing the effect of our milk drinking habits on the volume of dairy products being manufactured: tight supplies of butter, a sharp decrease in the output of cheese and milk powder, and a leveling off of evaporated milk production.

Any further increase in the amount of milk being bottled would reduce civilian supplies of manufactured dairy products below the level needed for adequate nutrition and properly balanced menus. And that's why the War Food Administration is requiring milk distributors to "hold the line" on fresh milk sales.

In a number of cities - Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Richmond, Washington, St. Louis, and San Francisco - the WFA hopes to get the milk conservation program going by October 1. It will be extended to other areas as fast as the administrative facilities can be developed. It is hoped that rationing will be avoided by setting up a system of dealer quotas.

Here is how the conservation program will work:

A market agent will be appointed for each area and he may be assisted by a committee representing all types of milk distributors -

such as dairies, grocers, restaurants, and farmers who sell milk at retail.

The market agent will establish a base month for each of these areas. It might be June, or July, or August or it might be the average of June-July-August sales. But it will be some recent period - and distributors will be allowed to sell only as much fresh milk from now on as they sold in that base month.

In some areas where production has declined sharply within the last 6 or 7 weeks, it might be necessary to give milk supplies a boost by cutting down on the amount of cream and fluid milk by-products dealers will be allowed to sell, such as chocolate milk and cottage cheese. Otherwise there might not be as much milk on the milk wagon or in the store refrigerator as quotas permit.

If fresh milk supplies still are short in relation to the needs of the market, then the market agent may authorize distributors to start allocating their deliveries of milk. Hospitals, homes, and retail stores will be favored as against public eating places; babies and invalids before normal, healthy adults. In other words, essential needs will be met even if it means some groups will have to cut their consumption quite sharply.

This general structure, which will be contained in the localized order for each milk sales area, provides the framework within which the two objectives of the milk control and conservation program can be met: Namely, leveled off sales and equitable distribution.

Problems

But even with the maximum adjustment to local conditions which this system of area-control allows, a great many things could go wrong. Families with new babies might not be able to purchase the extra milk they need. People moving into town might have a hard time convincing the milkman to add their names to his list. War workers might find the milk all gone when they drop into Joe's Elite Grocery to do their weekend shopping.

Cooperation on the part of both dealers and consumers will help solve many of these problems. Housewives can help by not asking for more milk than they have been getting - unless, of course, they have a legitimate reason for requesting an increase. Moreover, if they've been buying milk in excess of their nutritional needs - as a great many people are doing nowadays - they may be asked to cut down a little so that families who must have an extra quart or two can get it.

Distributors will be responsible for dividing supplies fairly among their various customers. To the dairies, this will mean providing consumers and retailers with the amounts or approximate amounts they

have been getting, regardless of whether the customer is "important" or not. To the retailers, it will mean discouraging consumers who try to buy up 3 or 4 day's supply at a time, and checking stocks to see that enough milk is left over to meet the needs of the late trade.

Actually, with most distributors allowed to sell about as much milk as they have been selling, no new distribution problems of major importance should arise under the milk control order. Through "scare buying," however, consumers can *create* a shortage and a whole host of other difficulties where none existed previously. They might even worry themselves right into individual consumer rationing. That would *assure each one* a fair share of the available supply, but, due to the complexities of applying our point rationing system to fresh, fluid milk, that "available supply" would almost certainly be considerably lower than the quantity of milk allowed to be sold under the present area-control orders.

Control through dealers' quotas is, frankly, an experiment, But it appears to represent the most flexible and least burdensome type of regulation necessary to do the job. How well it succeeds will be the measure of citizen cooperation with a vital war program.

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FARM LABOR PLACEMENTS

TOTAL 1,600,000 WORKERS

The War Food Administration announced recently that 1,600,000 placements of workers were made on farms during the period from May 1 to September 1. At the same time, officials stressed the need for additional emergency volunteer workers in the fall months.

Reporting on progress of the program for the period, the WFA said 550,000 farmers placed orders for workers and that 900,000 individuals registered for farm work. Some workers were placed on more than one farm, which accounts for the placement total of 1,600,000.

Most of this year's farm labor needs are being met through longer hours worked by farmers, their families, and regular hired workers and through the help of local volunteers, WFA officials said. The recruitment of local farm workers and placement of all farm labor are handled by county agricultural extension agents in most areas. In the others, this activity is carried on by the U. S. Employment Service, through contractual agreements with the State Agricultural Extension Services.

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Commercial apple production in 1943 is indicated at 92,392,000 bushels, compared with 128,597,000 bushels in 1942, and the 7-year (1934-41) average of 121,788,000 bushels. Practically all varieties and all sections of the country have smaller crops than last year.

WFA RELEASES DRIED RAISINS AND PRUNES FOR CIVILIANS

West Coast packers have been authorized to release from 55,000 to 60,000 tons of raisins and from 65,000 to 70,000 tons of prunes from the 1943 pack for sale to civilians through regular commercial trade channels. Additional quantities will be released later.

These supplies will come from the raisins and prunes which packers are required to set aside for Government use under Food Distribution Order No. 16. The order requires that the entire 1943 pack of dried raisins, prunes, apples, apricots, peaches, pears, and currants be set aside for Government use, but also provides for the release of quantities of these dried fruits for civilian consumption.

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BREWERS TALK OVER TRANSPORTATION ILLS

Little hope for alleviating the present Nation-wide beer shortage—especially acute in some States—is seen by members of the Brewing Industry Advisory Committee. With production limited and transportation facilities crowded, it will be difficult to meet increased consumer demand for the product. Many brewers have withdrawn from distant markets and have increased sales in areas nearer their plants to save transportation.

With the greatest crop production in the Nation's history planned for next year, and with all transportation facilities loaded to the hilt, the Food Distribution Administration has urged industry committee members to plan and adopt further conservation measures to reduce transportation requirements of the industry. It was pointed out that the brewing industry was one of the first of the major industries to study and effect substantial savings in trucking and rail transportation.

Appointed as a special industry committee to meet with Government officials and prepare plans for further savings in transportation were: J. J. Carroll, vice-president and general manager of Anheuser-Busch, St. Louis; Harris Perlstein, president of Pabst Brewing Co., Chicago; and Robert A. Drum, president of Metz Brewing Co., Omaha.

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Approximately 65 percent of the overall food fish supply will be available to civilians during the 12 month period ending June 30, 1944. This will provide a per capita quantity of 7.9 pounds, or about 1.3 pounds less than last year. The expected supply of fish for the same period is 1,531 million pounds, compared with 1,691 million pounds in 1942, and an average of 1,507 million pounds during the pre-war years 1935-39. These supply estimates are believed to be conservative, however.

COTTONFIELD: SEPTEMBER 1943

. . . . By Elbert O. Umsted

"How much you payin', suh, this year?" Tom Kelsey asks. Then, hopefully, "A dollar an' a quarter?"

The middle-aged Negro is wearing a straw hat, patched pants, and a faded blue-denim jumper over his shirt.

The white man at the table shakes his head. "You haven't picked any cotton yet this fall, I can see that. The farm owners around here have got together and set the price, and a dollar a hundred it is."

"I think it ought to be at least a dollar ten," Tom says. "My wife Dovie got the little boy up at 4 o'clock this mornin', and we walked in here to go out with your trucks for a good price."

The white man points to a sign on the office wall. It reads: "Cotton Pickers Wanted."

Free Service

"This is a free service for pickers, operated by landowners," he says. "We give you transportation to the fields and back. Sure, a dollar's a little less than the average September price last year, but it'll rise as the crop gets picked out."

Tom stares out of the window into the street. In the dawn light he sees several big side-boarded trucks crowded with standing Negroes.

"All right, bein's my family is already here," he agrees. "But send us to some field near my house, and we'll walk home tonight." He always argues about the price and he always loses but it makes him feel better.

Outside the agent's office Tom helps his 4-year-old son Luke into a big truck while Dovie, his wife, climbs in with their lunch pail. Dovie is 40, short, and quick moving.

The truck lumbers off just as the sun is rising. Pretty soon the sun will heat the September air, and by the time the pickers reach the field the dew will be off the cotton. If the night had been cloudy, with no dew, the trucks would have started rolling earlier. You don't pick dewy cotton; for one thing it won't come free from the boll easy, and for another it will mildew in the pile.

Tom Kelsey has worked in cotton most of his life. He plows it in spring, chops it in summer, picks it in the fall. One fall he worked at the cotton compress intown. Except for a little road-building experience

he had once on the WPA, cotton work is about all he knows. He first met Dovie in a cotton patch.

The truck rolls right along and it doesn't take them long to reach the Carter farm. It is a 160-acre place, with a shed visible at the far end. In between is just cotton, in rows about 3 feet apart. The stalks average a yard in height. The topmost bolls haven't burst yet, but the bottom ones are overflowing. The drying earth smells good. Tome feels fine as he walks up to the weigh boss.

This white man, who works for the landowner, gets paid so much for every 100 pounds of cotton he handles. Sometimes a small landowner or renter will act as his own weigh boss, but not Mr. Carter. He owns several big farms and he puts on the dog and is a real "further-boss."

The weigh boss, though, is just a man. He has faded red hair. "All right," he says to Tom and Dovie, "Take you two rows apiece next to that tall boy. Pick clean, now, and no trash."

A weigh boss likes to show his "'thority."

Pick Sacks

Dovie sets the dinner bucket in an all-day shade. She and Tom unfold their pick sacks. These duck sacks, purchased from a drygoods store or a mail-order house for 85 cents, are 3 feet wide by 9 feet deep. Some come shorter and cost less, but 9 feet is standard. These two have a strap like a newsboy's bag and will hold between 75 and 100 pounds of seed cotton apiece.

Tom runs his sack strap over his left shoulder, across his chest and back along his right side. The sack trails behind him. He stoops, reaches for the first handful of cotton.

When the cotton bolls matured and burst, they split into 5 sections - though sometimes there are but 4. A wad of cotton the size of Tom's fist, made up of the 5 sections (called "locks"), adheres to the dry boll (or "burr," as it is called after bursting). Between the 5 burr sections Tom now slides the fingers and thumb of one hand. He grasps the white fluff, including about 40 seed hidden within it, pulls it free, and thrusts it back into his pick sack.

He and Dovie get into the swing of the work. Tom notices that the gangling 6-foot-6 Negro picking next to him is a fast worker, but that the fat man in the rows beyond is seizing the cotton with one hand and "choking" the burr stem with the other.

"That fat boy won't get nowhere," Tom whispers to Dovie. Tom has been picking both-handed since he first started working in earnest, when he was 5 years old. He regards choking as effeminate.

He gets into conversation with the tall man. High-pockets' name is Quail, and he can sure pick. Quail says he may get up a picking contest in the afternoon to pass the time off quicker. Quail's hands are as big as freight-car couplers.

"Say, Tom. I was at the gin in town yesterday, and they got a big sign. It say how we got to pick the cotton right, or the airplanes will kill all the young men that rides in them."

Tom straightens up. "What you talkin' 'bout - 'treat it right'?" he demands.

"I read about it in the paper yesterday," another picker joins in. "Seem like the cotton they uses in the pa'achute got to be just so, or the thing won't open like it's s'posed to."

"That may be," Tom says. He looks at the wad of cotton in his hand with new respect.

Some weigh bosses don't want to be bothered weighing small amounts of cotton, so they keep the pickers dragging their sacks until the sacks are filled. Tom fills his the first time about 11 o'clock. He hoists it to his shoulder like a big limber sausage and carries it to the scale.

Weigh Boss

The red-headed weigh boss has put up a tripod from three planks bound together at the top with baling wire. From the apex a steelyard hangs. Tom twists his sack strap around the steelyard hook, which is perhaps 4 feet above ground. There is a metal ring sewed to a bottom corner of the sack. Tom lifts and slips this onto the steelyard hook, too, so that the sack is left suspended like a trussed hog.

The weigh boss slides a counterpoise weight along the scale-beam arm till the steelyard levels out. "Eighty-seven pounds," he says. "I dock you 3 pounds for the sack, and another pound for the dampness. That makes 83 pounds net."

"My sack ain't gethered no pound o' damp," Tom protests.

The weigh boss squints at him. "You telling me how to do my job?"

"No, suh, and meanin' no harm. But I don't believe it's picked up no pound o' damp. If'n you just weighs it by itself after I empties it, we can see."

"I'll be the judge of that," the weigh boss says. "And if you don't like it around here, you know what you can do." He writes Tom's net weight in his notebook.

If Tom finds the cotton wagon in the field, and not at the gin, he climbs over its sideboards and lifts his sack up after him. He shakes it out and returns to his rows without looking at the weigh boss.

As they work, Tom and Dovie keep an eye on little Luke, their boy. He isn't quite old enough to pick yet, but he is romping at the heels of slightly older pickers and occasionally trying his hand at the work. All the children make play of picking. Sometimes they skylark too much and leave locks in the burrs, and then the weigh boss storms out at them.

Tom straightens his back a minute. He sees a young Negro toting a sack for a girl he's taken a shine to. Another youngster is helping an old woman carry her load. All along one side of the field Tom sees bent, unhuman-looking figures, like gnomes out of another world. Tom knows what getting in the cotton means - aching legs, sore fingers, throbbing temples.

Picking isn't like midsummer chopping. Then you're working by the day and you don't stop till the boss says so. But now, along about noon, someone decides to eat and all the pickers follow this irresistible lead. Tom gets his dinner bucket (a gallon lard pail) and herds his little family to the fence, where a big elm casts thick shade.

Lunch

Tom has long since doffed his jumper. He scrapes sweat from his forehead, opens the bucket, dumps its contents on brown wrapping paper. The food includes salt pork, sweetpotatoes, and corn bread made into molasses sandwiches. There is also a little cold squirrel - though the season is still closed.

"Don't let that weigh boss see," Tom whispers to Dovie. "He *might* not tell the game warden, but it's as well you just eat the squirrel and don't go showin' it around."

After dinner Tom and his family rest awhile; listening to the high-sided wagons creaking by, and little Luke chunks clods at grasshoppers. Tall Quail comes over to sit a minute, and Tom confesses he doesn't much like the weigh boss.

"Some weigh bosses is all right, but this one won't do," Tom says. "Why make it hard on a man? I tries to mind my own business, and get along, but they wa'n't no pound o' damp on that sack."

Quail nods. "I see you're a right fast picker, Tom. I been watchin' you."

"Takin' in man, woman and child," Tom says, "the average a day is maybe 175 pounds. How many can you pick, son?"

Quail scratches his neck. "I don't know, but I ain't bad."

"One time a fellow I knew picked 400 on a bet from daylight till dark, but it near 'bout killed him for a week. And one time I seen a dried-up knot of a man pick 500."

"That's pickin', all right."

Tom leans over confidentially. "They say they's a white girl down in Texas can pick 800 pounds any day she takes a notion. A girl, now! You believe that, Quail?"

"Shucks, no. Like I say, I ain't bad myself. But nobody can do that."

At 1 o'clock Tom starts working again. It's always hard to get back, on a full stomach, but Tom's on his own time and there's no use soldiering—even if a man thought it was right. He works hard for an hour or more. The air is dusty and the cockleburrs in his socks are pricking his ankles.

A contest has developed between two pickers. Sure enough, one of them is Quail. Tom steps across a few rows to where they are picking, and asks the details.

Town Boy

"This town boy thinks he's pretty good," Quail says without stopping his work. "I lives in town now myself, but I was born and raised in the country. So this race is the town against the country, and him and me's bettin' a dollah apiece."

Apparently the contest has already run most of its hour course. Tom hasn't realized it was in progress because he and Dovie have been working at the other end of the field. The couple stop work to watch the final moments of the competition.

The little town Negro picks furiously with both hands, moving between the rows but picking the row at his left only. Quail's style of picking, on the other hand, is unorthodox. Long-legged even for his giant height, he is *straddling* a row. He bends over 3-foot stalks, creeping along like a machine; his great hands feed cotton into the sack which he has fastened so that its mouth yawns at his hip; he never looks up from his work.

"Two mo' minutes," shouts a Negro who holds a watch. "Pick that cotton!"

Even the sour weigh boss has quit badgering the other pickers and, tugging at a yellow tooth, watches the finish. The contestants' sacks, empty when the race began, now bulge more than half full. The other pickers crowd about the contestants. Some of them jump up and down. "Pour it on him, Slick!"

This little Slick, the town boy, is black and nimble. His concentration screws up his pinched face drollly. He pants like a runner just before breaking the tape.

A few steps behind Slick creeps Quail. He breathes through his mouth, his eyes bulge downward; his sweat sprinkles the earth before him; his snatching, lacerated, freight-car-coupler hands are bleeding.

"Time's up!"

The contestants stop, straighten their backs with effort. Everybody is yelling. The town Negroes acclaim Slick; the country ones, Quail. The contestants unshoulder their sacks, which look about equal in bulk. Which is heavier?

Slick grunts and hangs his sack on the steelyard hook. The weigh boss slides out the counterpoise. "Net weight," he calls after a careful check, "is 61 pounds."

Now the shouts are fewer in number but louder than ever. This is more cotton than anyone had expected. "You're a pickin' dude!" someone congratulates Slick.

Sixty-One Pounds

Quail shambles up to the scale. He is still breathing hard, and he frowns. He hangs up his sack. The country Negroes have stopped shouting. They don't even talk. Sixty-one pounds in an hour is a lot of cotton to beat.

The weigh boss balances the counterpoise, squints at the steelyard. All eyes are on him, and he knows it. He pauses, plucking at his yellow tooth.

"Net weight," he calls finally - "64 pounds!"

The country Negroes scream and stamp. Straw hats volley into the air. "Quail, good ol' Quail!"

Quail grins. Little Slick scratches his nose, then he grins too and hands Quail a silver dollar. Slick says to the crowd: "Quail was born in the country, but he live in town now. I reckon that's why he can pick so fast. You got to be fast in town or you done get run over by an automobile."

By 4 o'clock everyone is getting pretty tired. Knees are sore. So are necks and backs. A few rows from Tom and Dovie there is a sudden commotion. Somebody has spied a snake. Dovie grabs Tom's arm. Clods fly and finally someone kills the snake with a stick, hoists it high. It is a harmless, spotted king snake. Dovie twists her calico dress in her hands. She mortally fears snakes.

"They won't hurt you," Tom assures her. "One time when I was just a shaver, a cottonmouth bit a barefooted boy on the leg. That snake lit a shuck out of there, but we all taken right in after it and killed it. So the boy's foot just swole up on him a little. Can't nothin' bad happen, if'n you kills the snake that do it."

Dovie nods respectfully, but she is glad the snake is dead and she is careful not to look in that direction until the youngsters tire of the snake and throw it away. "Don't you go near that thing," she warns Luke.

Luke has grown restive and bored in the hot afternoon, and the snake has furnished a thrilling diversion. He gazes longingly toward the stalks where it has been flung.

Clean Cotton

The weigh boss walks by. "Pick that cotton clean," he orders. "Look at them locks you dropped on the ground. Sure, you can pick faster if you don't pick it clean - and then what happens? Mr. Carter will come here and see them wasted locks, and maybe fire *me*."

"Yes, suh," Tom says. The weigh boss's words are reasonable enough; it's the tone of his voice that grates on Tom. "I don't like no snidey weigh boss," Tom mutters under his breath as the other man walks on to the edge of the field.

About 5 o'clock Dovie, wondering what makes her sack drag so, looks backward and sees that her son is solemnly astride it, taking himself a ride.

"I'll slap the tar out of you!" she cries - but Tom knows she won't. She's just tired, same as he is, and he removes the young culprit and again picks cotton, cotton. . . .

"Look here, Tom."

It's Quail talking. He is holding an illustrated leaflet. One of the pictures shows a soldier and some cotton.

Quail points. "That man standing by the weigh boss is handin' these papers out. There by the cotton wagon. And he's tackin' one of them signs like I saw at the gin, to the wagon. One of the boys says he's the county agent."

Tom throws off his sack strap and walks over to the gray-haired white stranger. Quail and Dovie follow. Several other pickers have gathered, are looking at the wagon poster, and receiving copies of the leaflet.

"We're counting on all you folks this fall," the stranger tells them. "The Government is, I mean. We've got a lot of cotton on hand for the mills to use, but it takes more than just any cotton to make some things.

"There's parachute webbing and lines, collapsible lifeboats, and cloth to use in airplane cloth that only *high-grade* cotton will make. And a lot of other items. We've got to have it for war, folks, and you are the only ones who can get it in."

"What is high-grade cotton?" Tom asks.

Picking Instructions

"Pick your cotton clean," the stranger answers. "Pick it dry - not too soon after a shower or after sunup. If you've got any cotton on your own farms, don't mix two kinds of cotton together. And don't leave cotton too long before you pick it, because the rain and dirt will run down the grade. So don't forget to treat the cotton right this fall."

Tom Kelsey asks: "Do the President tell us that?"

The county agent nods. "He does. Through an outfit of his called the War Food Administration."

Tom nods thoughtfully and walks back to his pick sack.

Tom is glad his sack strap is wide; it cuts his shoulder plenty as it is. His fingers are sore. Later in the season, when it's near about frost, those fingers will split open, but right now the trouble is with the cotton-burr stickers.

Each of the burr sections ends in a sharp point. Picking with both hands, Tom is bound to run his finger ends into the points sometimes, and they draw blood. In chilly weather some pickers wear fingerless work gloves, to warm their hands, but the fingertips must always remain uncovered and endangered by the points.

"Wash them fingers with turpentine," the weigh boss prescribes when Tom totes in his last sack about 6 o'clock, with dark coming on. Tom already knows this remedy, but he is pleased that the weigh boss has troubled to suggest it. Maybe the man ain't all bad, after all.

"Read 'em to me!" the weigh boss snaps.

Tom isn't supposed to keep a list of his sack weights for the day. Like most pickers who can write, however, he does keep one on a card religiously - to check on the weigh boss. But now the weigh boss doesn't read his own column of figures; it's the other way around.

When Tom finishes reading, the weigh boss says: "Check." Tom can imagine what might happen if that notebook contained a figure which Tom had forgotten to record on his card. The weigh boss, if he had a mind to, would just keep the money for that sackful.

"I'm glad you got 'em all down," Tom rumbles.

The weigh boss eyes him sharply. Then he weighs the sack, reads off a figure.

Tom points indignantly at the steelyard. "Why don't you slide out another notch and give me 1 more pound?" he asks. "That steelyard's supposed to hang level, not on a bias like that."

The weigh boss bristles. He unhooks Tom's sack, thrusts his arm into its cotton. "Did you ever hear of pickers putting clods and rock and stuff into their cotton so's to beat the weigh boss?"

"Yes, suh, but you don't feel none in mine."

"Did you ever hear of a picker pouring water into his sack? Or not dumping all his cotton in the wagon, so's to have it weighed on the next go-round?" The weigh boss feels along the sack seams. "Or sewing lead into the seams?"

"Yes, suh, but you don't feel none now, does you?"

"No, but us weigh bosses is always getting caught on tricks like that. If we don't take advantage of half-pounds now and then, we can't break even. Ain't *we* got to live, too? But I'll give you that whole pound this time. Here's your money."

Dovie gets her money, too, and the family starts along home.

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September 1 prospects indicate a 1943 cotton crop of 11,679,000 bales, the Crop Reporting Board estimates. This compares with 12,824,000 bales produced in 1942 and the 10-year (1932-41) average of 12,474,000 bales. Continued dry and hot weather during August caused considerable deterioration of the crop in Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Mississippi, and Tennessee. Favorable prospects were maintained in the eastern part of the Cotton Belt, however.

INCREASED SOAP SUPPLIES FOR U. S. CIVILIANS SEEN

A program to bring about a substantial increase in soap supplies for civilians will be inaugurated in the near future, the War Food Administration announced recently. The soap supply under the proposed program will provide 25.4 pounds per person compared with 23.4 in 1942 and 25.3 pounds in the pre-war years, 1937-41.

Additional quantities of fats and oils for soap making will be made available to manufacturers, the WFA said, and the larger soap supplies should reach consumers within a few weeks.

Soap production for civilian use has been at reduced levels this year, officials pointed out, but consumers have had no reason to indulge in "scare buying." Stocks in 1942 were the heaviest in history, and some of them were available until the middle of 1943. Absence of some types of soap from retail shelves in recent months has been caused primarily by consumer hoarding on the basis of unfounded rumors.

The increases in soap output will be made possible by improved shipping conditions which permit the importation of more fats and oils; by increased production of domestic animal fats and vegetable oils; and by the more general use of rosin.

Rosin is a by-product of turpentine and comes from the sap of pine trees. It is in plentiful supply. Though it has been used for many years in some types of soap, chemists in recent months have been developing ways to use it more generally without reducing the cleansing quality of the finished product and for several months many of the leading brands have contained substantial percentages of it.

The new soap program was discussed in detail at a recent meeting of WFA's Soap and Glycerine Industry Advisory Committee and members of that group, representing every phase of the industry, said they could foresee no difficulty in getting increased production under way by October 1. It will require about 30 days additional, however, to place the new production in consumer trade channels.

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To prevent undue diversion to fresh outlets of apples needed for processing, shipments of low grades of apples from designated areas will be controlled by food orders. The commercial apple crop is estimated to be 92 million bushels this year, or 28 percent smaller than the 1942 harvest. In view of the short crop and the large demand for fresh fruit, controls are considered necessary to insure the meeting of essential requirements for apple products. This is only one phase of a complete program that will involve limitation of shipment of apples for fresh market use and price ceilings for fresh apples and apple products.

POPULAR POP

. . . . By Sophia Podolsky

It all began when Dr. Joseph Priestly, English scientist, visited a brewery one day in 1767. It was nice warm weather, and the vats were bubbling away, releasing large volumes of carbon dioxide. They also were giving out with the delectable smells of beer in the making, but Priestly, true researcher that he was, had thoughts only of his experiment. So he placed a ladder against one of the vats and carrying two tumblers - one empty and the other full of water - climbed up. Holding the tumblers close to the bubbling brew, he poured the water back and forth for a while. Then he tasted it, and his eyes lit up. As he had suspected, the water had absorbed the gas; it had a tingling, bity flavor it hadn't had before. And Dr. Joe found this crude form of carbonated water good - darned good.

A bit later a Philadelphia doctor, name of Philip Syng Physick, asked a chemist friend to prepare some carbonated water for his patients. The chemist, having an inventive turn of mind, thought the sick folks might recover a little faster if he added fruit juice for flavor. Nobody knows what happened to the ailing Philadelphians and maybe it doesn't matter. What was important about this episode was the invention of pop - a product that has become the foundation for a great industry and as much a part of the American scene as apple pie and hot dogs.

Ubiquitous Soda Water

For who can deny that pop can be bought everywhere - in the drug-store, the depot, the five and ten, the filling station, the post exchange, the ship's service department. On every main highway, whether it runs north, south, east, or west - stands are situated at frequent enough intervals to ward off parched throats. Even the arts have succumbed; listeners at the summer performances of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and of similar groups throughout the country sip colored fizz water as they listen to Eine Kleine Nachtmusik. In Canada and Latin America, our good neighbors are learning that soft drinks are just as conducive to pleasant talk as tea or coffee.

In recent years there has been a tremendous increase in soft-drink consumption in the United States, a popularity that can be ascribed to several causes. These are, briefly: The improved facilities for production, the high standards of sanitation and marketing maintained by the manufacturers, and the susceptibility of the American public to extensive and sustained advertising.

But today, with civilian demand almost double the supply, there is little chance until the war is over of providing all the soft drinks that the American public could consume. Not only are large quantities of pop going to our armed forces here and overseas, but there is the

problem of a limited sugar supply. Recent weeks have seen the upping of sugar quotas for manufacturers of soft drinks, but output currently is only about 85 percent of the quantity produced in 1941, the peak year.

The food value of pop, on which the industry bases its claim to being essential, is derived from sugar. An 8-ounce bottle of soft drink averages about 11 percent sugar and provides approximately 80 to 100 calories. It is of more than passing interest to note that the use of saccharine is prohibited by the Food and Drug Administration because saccharine is lacking in food value.

The water must be free from objectionable color, odor, and taste; otherwise the beverage might be of off-flavor. It also must be pure, and a bottle of pop is to be preferred whenever there is any doubt as to the safety of the drinking water. This is a good point to watch on picnics or when traveling. Dr. Louise Stanley, well-known Department of Agriculture home economist, recalls that on a trip to Belgium in 1908, members of her party considered that the only bacteriologically safe water was bottled carbonated water.

Carbon Dioxide

Carbon dioxide, which gives the soft drink its tang and its bubbles, is produced as a by-product in the combustion of coke in burning limestone to quick-lime, or from sulphuric acid and carbonates, or recovered as a by-product from fermentation processes. The absorption of the gas by water is done by machinery but the principle is about the same as Dr. Priestly's epoch experiment.

For the fruit growers, the manufacture of soft drinks is an important outlet for their by-products. The culls emerge as citric acid, juices, and fruit concentrates. Acidifying materials most commonly used are citric acid, from lemons, oranges, grapefruit; tartaric acid, extracted from grapes; and phosphoric acid. Food Distribution Administration officials recently advised members of the Flavoring and Extracts Industry Advisory Committee that as much citric acid will be available to the food industry this year as in 1942.

The natural flavors are derived from buds and flowers (cloves and chamomili), fruits and fruit parts (vanilla beans and citrus peels), seeds (grains of paradise), roots (ginger and sassafras), bark (wild cherry and cinnamon), stems and leaves (sage and peppermint) - only peppermint is out for the present; it is being reserved by the Government for its menthol, most of which once came from Japan. Citrus and berry juices round up the natural flavors.

Often, however, the flavors are artificial. There is ionone, for example, a violet perfume used as a raspberry flavor. One ounce of ionone which can be purchased for 50 cents can replace 1,250 pounds of raspberries valued at \$175. Other artificial flavors include the

aldehydes, used as substitutes for peach, apricot and strawberry flavors; and methyl anthranilate, a grape-flavored essence.

In the United States, crown-cork bottles are almost universally used for soft-drink containers. These are securely sealed by a cork-lined metal cap clamped on to a shallow boss on the top of the bottle-neck. Crown manufacturers, deprived first of customary thin gauge tin, and then of prime blackplate, are now using mainly the odd-size and left-over canning blackplate known as "rejects." Although troublesome to work with, "rejects" are in fair supply.

The bottle situation is not so serious as in some beverage industries because of the high percentage of re-use. The average soft drink bottle is sterilized and re-used about 30 or 40 times.

Soda pop is well distributed throughout the country. The 6,300 soft drink bottling plants are locally-owned and operated, in most cases, and are found in about 3,000 towns and cities. With many localities self-sufficient in soft drinks, uniform distribution of available supplies presents less difficulty than is the case with many other foods.

That is fortunate, for soda pop has become one of our best wartime morale builders. The short mid-morning or mid-afternoon break for refreshment gives workers a chance to stretch and get a breath of fresh air. The extra calories the sugar provides give them pep when they get back to work and provides just enough nutrition to "hold them" until lunch time or dinner time.

It is doubtful, however, if a confirmed soda swizzler would be interested in the psychological or nutritional properties of his favorite drink. His reason for drinking - "I just like the stuff, see?" - is reason enough to him for his daily or twice-daily pause in the day's occupation for a bottle or glass of pop.

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Prospective graders and turkey producers will receive special instruction in turkey grades and grading methods at a series of 55 schools to be held in 29 States soon. Sponsored by the Extension Service and the Food Distribution Administration, the schools will provide training for graders who wish to obtain Federal-State licenses, and instruction for producers who desire to learn about grading so that they may take advantage of official ceiling prices, which are based on Federal grades.

Students must pass a rigid examination to obtain a license for grading. Once licensed, the grader works under supervision of Federal-State authorities in each State. Last year more than 70 million pounds of turkeys were graded following the schools which were conducted in various States. The first schools were held in 1932, when only 500,000 pounds of turkeys were graded.

WASTE FEATHERS SAVED THROUGH USDA RESEARCH

Successful research by the Department of Agriculture will make possible the salvage and industrial use of millions of pounds of chicken feathers formerly wasted or used as fertilizer. Wet-picked feathers, a by-product of chicken-dressing plants, normally decompose too rapidly to permit their shipment to feather-processing establishments.

Dr. J. I. Hardy, Department scientist, found that a combination of two weak acids will preserve wet feathers satisfactorily without injuring their fluffiness. The preservative is made in the proportion of 0.55 pounds of salicylic acid, 1.1 pounds of benzoic acid, and 30 gallons of lukewarm water, stirred well to dissolve the chemicals completely.

The discovery makes possible the salvage of chicken and turkey feathers from poultry-dressing plants throughout the country at a time when they are needed to supplement inadequate supplies of duck, goose, and other waterfowl feathers. Among other uses, feathers are excellent as camouflage material. New methods of curling, processing, and otherwise treating chicken feathers have greatly increased their suitability for sleeping bags, pillows, and other uses.

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NEW STANDARDS REQUIRE MORE BREAD ENRICHMENT

The War Food Administration calls attention of the Nation's baking industry to a change in Federal standards which will require a higher level of enrichment in the manufacture of white bread after October 1.

Food Distribution Order No. 1, which regulates the manufacture and sale of bakery products, stipulates that all white bread must be enriched. This can be done by the use of enriched flour or the addition of equivalent enriching ingredients to plain flour when the dough is mixed.

Changes in flour standards also are effective October 1. The new standards for enriched flour - prescribed under the Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act - require more thiamine, niacin, and iron in the enrichment process. A temporary exemption with respect to riboflavin expired October 1 and all enriched flour after that date is required to contain this vitamin in the amount specified by the standards.

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The sale of Concord-type grapes in five heavy commercial producing regions has been restricted by the WFA to assure supplies of processed grapes for jams, jellies, and fruit butters. The restricted areas are in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, and Washington.

PEP PILLS FOR POBEDA

. . . . By Joe Boyle

"Pobeda" is Russian for "Victory," and vitamin addicts look knowingly at each other these days as the Russians pile pobeda upon pobeda. The Reds keep mum about military matters, but the devotees of A, B₁, B₂, C, and D think they know the secret of recent successes in the Ukraine. They know that we have sent the Soviet Government 9 million nutritional yeast tablets this year; and they mutter darkly that Hitler better watch out - 70 million more of these "pep pills" are on the way.

Russian courage and Russian steel is playing a major role in the splendid drive the Red Army is making this year, but the nutritional yeast tablets are looked upon as an essential component of the soldier's ration. They help maintain health on a campaign and prevent the fatigue due to nutritional deficits. The Food Distribution Administration is buying them by the millions, not only for the Russians, but for the British, the Fighting French, the Red Cross, and other groups engaged in the direct war effort.

Rich in Protein

The tablets contain 40 to 55 percent protein and about 35 percent carbohydrates. They are rich in vitamins B₁ and B₂, as well as calcium, phosphorus, iron, copper, nicotinic acid, and amino acid. This nutritional gold mine - especially well adapted to wartime conditions - is only one of the new uses that scientists are finding for yeast.

Food yeast from which the nutritional yeast tablets are molded is grown in cultures that are fed on molasses or it can be processed as a by-product of the brewing industry from residues that might otherwise be wasted.

Food yeast grown on cultures fed by molasses mixed with other ingredients is known as primary grown yeast. Cells placed in the cultures feed and grow at an amazing rate - a batch can be grown or processed in from 6 to 24 hours. As the cells divide and multiply, the tanks of culture soon are filled with yeast.

This yeast - still very much alive - is then carefully dried on large drum driers. The drying is continued until the yeast cells are killed - and the product may be stepped up in vitamin B₁ and B₂ content. The food-yeast powder then is molded into tablet form as the now-famous pep pills or it may be used in the powdered form in soups, meat loaf, and countless other foods - greatly increasing their pep potential.

Food yeast produced as a by-product of the brewing industry is another valuable contribution to human nutrition. Brewers' yeast not only supplies needed proteins, vitamins, and minerals as do other food yeasts,

but from the standpoint of conserving limited food supplies, it is a natural. No molasses or other ingredients are needed; the brewers' yeast is already there. All that remains to be done to make it into a tasty human food is to debitter it; that is, remove the taste of hops. Then it's ready in powdered or tablet form to add nutritional needs of the hard-fighting, hard-working world of today.

Cooperative effort is needed, however, to recover this otherwise wasted supply of human food. Brewers who operate on a small scale generally do not have the equipment to do their own drying and debittering of brewers' yeast. But by joining with others in the brewing industry, and with the Government, the job can be done.

As brewers get more equipment for drying and debittering and as primary grown yeast workers get more beet molasses, we are going to see a wider and wider use made of yeast as a food. Scientists are firmly of the opinion that the surface has only been scratched when it comes to putting this valuable nutritional product to greater use. So from now on, we can certainly expect to see more digging instead of scratching.

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LARGE DELIVERIES OF FATS AND OILS TO RUSSIA REPORTED

Deliveries of edible fats and oils to representatives of Soviet Russia during the first 7 months of 1943 totaled 264 million pounds. Vegetable oils, mainly linseed oil, constituted by far the most important single item - 158 million pounds. Also included was lard, 38 million pounds; shortening, 25 million; butter, 17 million; oleomargarine, 12 million; tallow, 12 million; and oleo oil, 2 million pounds.

These quantities are expected to ease Russia's critical fats and oils situation somewhat, but per capita consumption still will be low. It is estimated that per capita consumption of fats and oils in June 1943, the last period for which information is available, was less than half that of the United States.

Russia's supplies of fats and oils were short before the war. With Axis forces still occupying some of the most productive areas of the country, supplies have been curtailed even more. It is believed, for example, that production of lard and vegetable oil has been reduced by more than half.

The Russians, through necessity, have learned to "stretch" their supplies of fats and oils. Linseed oil, largely used for paints in this country, is used by the Russians in bakery products, for frying, on salads, and in cooked cereals. Lard has become a spread for bread, taking the place of butter among the civilian population. Most of the butter and oleomargarine goes to the army and to hospitals.

NEW CROPS FOR THE NEW WORLD

. . . . By Charles Morrow Wilson

Before Pearl Harbor, we imported from the Eastern Hemisphere about 94 percent of our essential tropical commodities. But Japan changed that. When, in only 120 days, the Japs seized more than 2,000,000 square miles of tropical and subtropical land in the far Pacific, they got hold of some of the greatest agricultural reservoirs ever developed. They gained commanding control of the production of natural rubber, quinine, hemp, valuable grass oils, and other necessary things.

Luckily for us, however, all these crops can be grown successfully in Latin America. The realization that we *must* have tropical products to win the war and to keep the peace - and the fact that these products can be raised in our own hemisphere - have resulted in the biggest and most beneficial shifting of crops in a century.

We are seeing the birth of an entirely new inter-American economy - an interdependence based, not on gestures and kind words, but on practical action and commerce. Here is a glimpse of what is taking place.

RUBBER: Although the Hevea tree, main source of natural rubber, is native to Brazil, the British and Dutch Far East had an almost absolute world monopoly on natural rubber before Pearl Harbor.

Back in 1876, wild Hevea seeds were taken from Brazil to London and germinated in Kew Gardens. The seedlings - less than 3,000 - were exported to Calcutta, Singapore, and other British outposts. From those seedlings grew the 9,000,000 acres of Far East rubber plantings which have yielded more than nine-tenths of all the rubber used since 1920.

Today, however, millions of seeds of selected, high-yielding strains of Hevea are being planted in Central and South America. Within 12 years, the trees will produce from 1,200 to 1,900 pounds of crude rubber an acre, as compared with less than 300 pounds of crude rubber an acre from the wild seeds which were taken out of Brazil in '76.

Hevea rubber can be grown successfully in 16 Latin American countries from Mexico to Bolivia. Henry Ford is producing Hevea rubber at Bel Terra, Brazil; Goodyear at Cairo, Costa Rica. The United Fruit Company is planting more than a thousand acres of nursery farms in Costa Rica, Honduras, Panama, and Colombia.

Whatever the developments may be in the manufacture of synthetic rubber, we will have available in the future plenty of natural rubber from the American tropics.

QUININE: The safest and surest defense known against malaria is quinine, made from the bark of the Cinchona tree. Ninety-five percent of the world's supply formerly was produced in the Netherlands Indies.

Although some new anti-malaria drugs are on the market today - atabrine and plasmochin - malaria is increasing and estimates are that, in addition to the new drugs, the United Nations will require at least 10,000,000 ounces of quinine a year.

It takes about 10 years to bring a Cinchona tree to maximum bearing, although some bark can be obtained in from 3 to 4 years after planting. Several years ago, Philippine scientists developed a comparatively rough bark extract called "totaquine" (poor man's quinine) which can be made from the bark of wild trees.

High-yielding, cultivated Cinchona trees are now being established in Latin America. Guatemala, with an estimated resource of 1,600,000 Cinchona trees planted in 1878, is the pace-setter. Seeds from the Guatemala trees are being widely planted by the Colombian government.

In March 1943, Costa Rica signed an agreement with the United States to provide 10,000 acres to be planted to Cinchona trees under the direction of the United States Department of Agriculture, the whole project to be turned back to Costa Rica in 25 years.

Our Department of Agriculture has recently sent high-yielding Cinchona seedlings to Sao Paulo, Brazil; and has assigned foresters to locate wild Cinchonas in Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and other South American countries.

HEMP: Manila hemp is used for making water-resistant, salt-resistant, shock-absorbing rope. Hemp comes from the stem of a banana-like tropical plant called abacá, formerly grown in the Netherlands Indies and the Philippines.

A navy or merchant marine without plenty of the right kind of rope is crippled. But abaca grows well in Latin America and is quick-maturing. It reaches harvest age about 18 months after planting.

When the Japs swept over the tropical East, our American tropics lacked planting stock of abacá. In about 1925, however, the Department of Agriculture had brought some abacá roots from the Philippines and had planted them in Panama as an experiment. The United Fruit Company later expanded this seed farm to about 2,100 acres. This became the principal source of abacá seed for the Western Hemisphere.

Early in 1942, the Defense Supplies Corporation bought the seed plantation and contracted with the United Fruit Company to plant 20,000 acres of abacá in Central America for urgent war use. At least 125,000 acres of abacá in the American tropics is needed, and planting is now under way.

GRASS OILS: Before the war, the Netherlands Indies had a monopoly on valuable grass oils, such as vetiver, the base of many perfumes, and citronella oil and lemon oil, used in making menthol, soap, pharmaceuticals, and insect sprays.

The work of Dr. V. C. Dunlap, a Cornell plant pathologist associated with a Honduran farming company, provides a significant example of how new crops are expanding in the New World. On March 1, 1941, Dr. Dunlap set out 65 heads of citronella grass. By June, the number of plants had grown to 596. By the beginning of 1942, he had more than an acre of the grass. In 6 months, this had increased to 50 acres - and by the end of 1942, it had climbed to about 250 acres.

By the end of 1943, it will probably be at least 8,000 acres - enough to establish citronella as a stable crop for Central America. Lemon grass also is now being grown in Guatemala. The various oil grasses can be harvested three or four times a year, with oil recovery ranging from 90 to 250 pounds an acre for each harvest.

ROTENONE: Rotenone is an insecticide base which has the peculiar property of being toxic to insects and other cold-blooded creatures but not to warm-blooded animals. Thus rotenone destroys enemy insects without impairing the edibility of green vegetables or fresh fruits. Tons of it are used also for ridding livestock of fleas, lice, and parasites.

Best source of rotenone is the root of the derris plant, a tropical perennial which comes into bearing from 18 to 24 months after seeding. Formerly, Malaya and Java grew most of the world's supply.

When the war broke out, the Department of Agriculture acted quickly to step up the production of rotenone in our own hemisphere. Root cuttings of derris were flown from the experimental station at Puerto Rico to Haiti, Guatemala, Honduras, Ecuador, Brazil, and other countries in the American tropics.

Substantial quantities of derris root will be harvested this year; and after this year, it is likely that millions of pounds of the rotenone will be supplied from derris root raised on this hemisphere.

Here again, the superiority of the soils and climate of the American tropics is being demonstrated. The highest recorded yield of derris root in the Netherlands Indies is about 2,000 pounds an acre. In Puerto Rico and Ecuador, experimental yields are about 3,000 pounds per acre.

OTHER CROPS: Roselle, an important jute substitute used extensively in bagging and cordage, is being planted for the first time in Costa Rica, Honduras, and Guatemala by the United Fruit Company on order of the Defense Supply Corporation.

Staple spices, such as vanilla, ginger, allspice, black pepper, and nutmeg, are being reestablished in the American tropics on a commercial basis.

In the past we have always imported cork, principally from Spain, Portugal, and North Africa. Except from North Africa, which normally produces about 20 percent of our cork, we are now pretty well cut off from established sources of supply.

Our Department of Agriculture has been growing cork trees in experimental stations in California. Acorns from these trees are being planted in Puerto Rico, Haiti, Honduras, and other dry land areas south of the Rio Grande. Although it takes from 20 to 25 years for a cork tree to reach a marketable age, our cork will be harvested eventually in our own south doorway.

Heretofore all our teakwood has come from the eastern tropics. But in Honduras, the United Fruit Company is making experimental plantings of teak, as well as of rosewood and tropical cedars which formerly were imported from the war-blocked Far East.

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NEW ORDER TO SPEED

OVERSEAS BEEF SHIPMENTS

Shipments of beef to American soldiers overseas are expected to be speeded materially as a result of a food order that requires slaughterers to see to it that 80 percent of the beef set aside for Government use be frozen and boneless. The use of boneless beef effects important economies in space and shipping costs as compared with carcass beef, eliminates waste, and simplifies preparation.

The requirement, which became effective September 13, is contained in Amendment 2 to Director Food Distribution Order 75.2.

Under Amendment 1, Class 1 slaughterers were allowed to sell set-aside carcass beef directly to boning concerns having contracts with the armed forces. Amendment 2 goes one step farther, requiring such slaughterers to prepare 80 percent of their set-aside beef for the armed forces in boneless form or to deliver this quantity of carcass beef to boning concerns under contract with the armed forces.

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The Food Distribution Administration has acted to assure an equitable distribution of peppermint oil by reserving all such oil for Government purchase. Most of the U. S. supply of this oil is produced in Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, California, and Oregon.

- PERTAINING TO MARKETING -

The following reports and publications, issued recently, may be obtained upon request. To order, check on this page the publications desired, detach, and mail to the Marketing Reports Division, Food Distribution Administration, Washington 25, D. C.

National Wartime Nutrition Guide (The Basic 7 foods with a dozen hints on conservation)

Lunch at School (How the Community School Lunch Program Works)

Normal Seasonal Availability of Fresh Fruit and Vegetable Supplies (Where perishables come from and when)

Handbook for Workers in School-Lunch Programs with Special Reference to Volunteer Service

Federal Stamps and Labels on Meats

Corn Futures Statistics, January 1940-September 1942

U. S. Standards:

U. S. Standards for Unshelled Pecans

U. S. Standards for Grades of Canned Concentrated Orange Juice

Marketing Summaries:

Marketing Northwestern Onions, 1943

Marketing Illinois Peaches, 1943

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Food Trade Letter

Of special interest to food handlers is the FDA's Food Trade Letter, issued twice monthly. Letter No 9, issued September 18, contains four charts showing the allocation of important foods. Also in this issue are articles on local food buying for school-lunch programs, heavy potato supplies, the soft drink situation, and food orders on fats and oils. Jobbers, wholesalers, retailers, trade associations, and others interested in food handling may obtain this publication regularly upon request to the Marketing Reports Division, Food Distribution Administration, Washington 25, D. C.

